

32

# A Panegyrick

To His Sacred

# MAJESTY

Upon the Conclusion

OF

The auspicious Marriage between  
the two Crowns of *England* and  
*Portugal*.



---

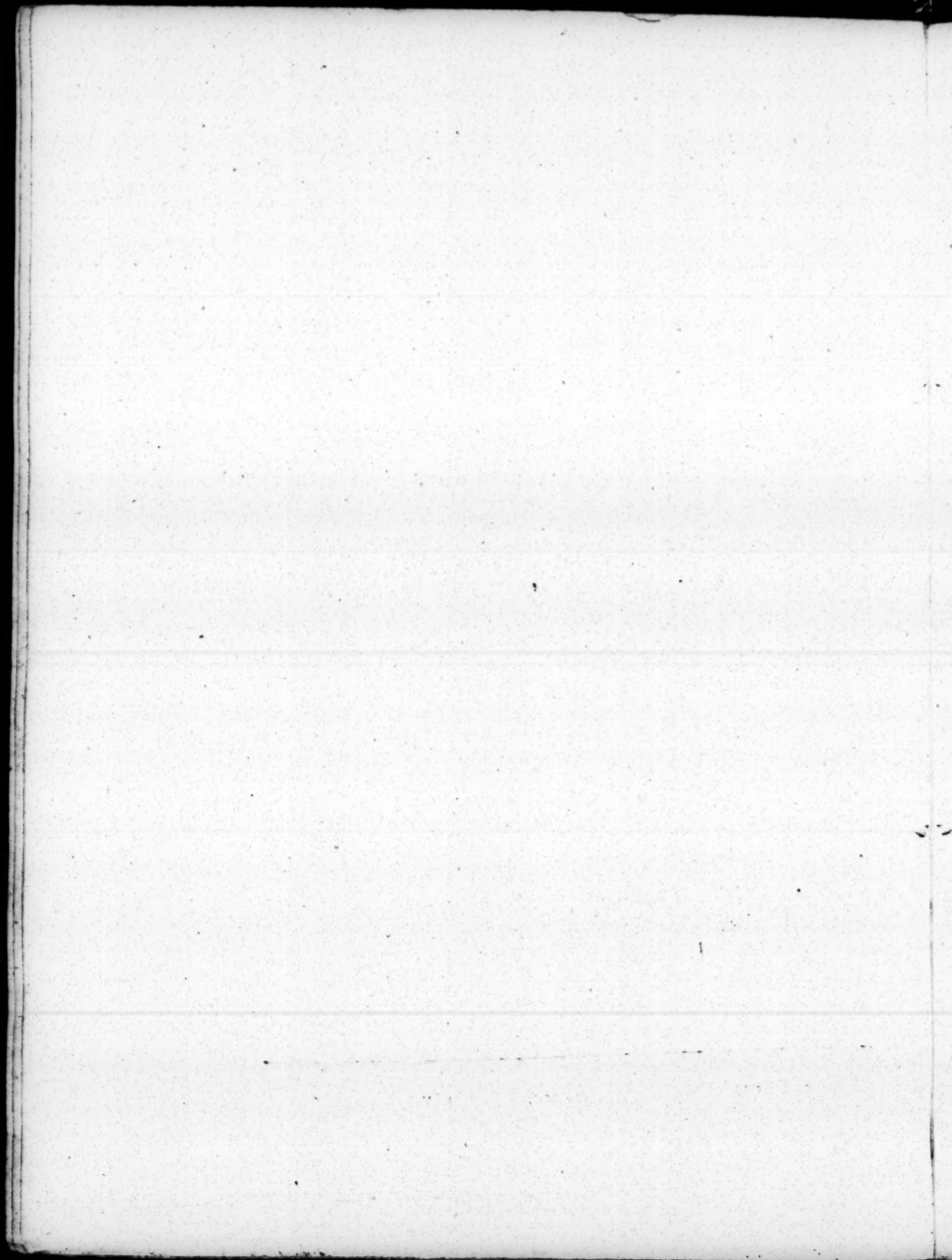
By *John Boys Esq:*

---

— *Nec te, Princeps, si peccare vates*  
*Accipiam, Cirrhæa velim secreta monentem*  
*Sollicitare Deum, Bacchumque avertere Nyssa:*  
*Tu satis ad dandas quævis in carmina vires.*  
*Lucan Lib. 1.*

---

London, Printed for Henry Broomé at the Gun in Ivie-lane. 1662.



(1)

# A Panegyrick

To His Sacred

# MAJESTY

Upon the Conclusion

OF

The auspicious Marriage between  
the two Crowns of *England* and  
*Portugal*.

NOW when the Angry Stars upon our state (hate;  
Their keenest spite had spent, & wreak'd their  
When twice ten years of *Civil* broyl's did cease,  
Their date concluding in a wellcome peace;  
To the yet-Banish'd how flock'd *His* from home!  
To the *Restored* how did *Strangers* come!  
A *Subjects* zeal those wafted o're the Seas;  
Concerns of *State* and *Pol'tick* reasons these:  
Those to fetch *home* their *Prince* their *home* forsook;  
At *home* to keep him, these a journey took:  
Of these the *Conscious* just revenge did fear,  
An English March did grate upon their ear:  
Of these who friends had been, they came to see,  
And joy with us in reviv'd *Monarchie*:

A 2

All

All to congratulate: *What may do hurt,*  
*Or good, arising Fortune still we Court.*

The faithfull *Dane* no sooner free from war,  
 But doth a friend to *Englands* peace appear.  
 The *Spaniard* next made a more pompous shew,  
 Then did the *Dane*, but would he were as true!  
 The doubtful *French* (whose bus'ness was not great)  
 Shew'd his fine cloth's, and made a quick retreat.  
 The *Dutch* self-loving *Dutch*, these came to feel  
 The *English* pulse, fearing the *English* steel:  
 Nor *Italy*, nor *Germany* forget  
 Our King by their *Embassadors* to greet.  
 Thus several Streams in the same *Ocean* joyn,  
 And distant Rivers thus in the same Brine  
 Mingle from heads unknown: there silver *Thames*  
 Meets with *Rhine*; *Pactolus* golden Streams  
 There with *Sperchius* wed: in the same Seas  
*Ister* embody's with *Boristhenes*.

Such in your *Court*, great Sir, here Nations meet,  
 And themselves prostrate at your sacred feet.  
 Whilst you, (as *Arbiter* of peace and war)  
 Sit, and distribute fates: where you declare  
 Your self a friend, secure and *Halcyon* days  
 You there bestow; but where a *Foe*, you raise (make  
 Such storms and tempests, and such *Earth-quakes*  
 As can a states deep-lay'd foundations shake,

Your Neighbours knowing this to you resort,  
 For peace all sue, all do your friendship *Court*:  
 In which out-vieing, they do offer blanks,  
 Write your own terms, and they will render thanks,  
 But

But, since that of the bed's the surest tie,  
 And firmest pledg, see how they here ou-vie:  
 The *Northern* striveth with the *Southern* coast,  
 Great riches both, both great perfections boast;  
 Their most enforcing *Rhetorick* both use,  
 Hoping you will from them your Consort chuse.

The *North* (wrapt in furs, but straight & fair,  
 Grey-cy'd, big-limm'd, with yellow dangling hair.  
 Stout, bold, but plain and void of artifice)  
 Doth thus begin: Great Prince, on whom the ey's  
 Of *Europe* now are fixt; great in your pow'r,  
 But, in the love of Loyal Subjects more;  
 Great in descent and blood, but greater farre  
 In those rich gifts, which in you shining are;  
 Those royal Graces which your soul adorn,  
 Worthie't of those, who *Englands* crown have worn:  
 Loe!! (sent from those parts remote, which are  
 Wall'd by the frozen Seas, the *Polar* star  
 More neerly which behold) such treasures bring  
 As worthy are great *Britains* mighty King,  
 A worthy Consort for your Royal bed;  
 Chuse which of two peerless Dames will wed:  
 The one a Virgintender, fair and young,  
 From th' Royal house of warlike *Denmarke* spruag.  
 A widow th' other, young alike and fair,  
*Charles* his Relict, and *Swedens* Dowager.  
 Shee (in her bloom) presents your Majestie  
 A spotless, pure, untouch'd Virginity:  
 This gives assurance, having pregnant been,  
 That shee'l a Mother be, as well as Queen:

Like

Like soft wax thee's for your impression fit,  
 A fair sheet, where you any thing may write:  
 'Tis he understands the duty of a wife,  
 Having already led a married life.

Nor though we from that Fountain both of heat  
 And light, the Sun, have a sequestered seat,  
 Doth he so far from us his courses drive,  
 As us of nature's bounty's to deprive:

Our soyl is fruit full; City's strong and fair;  
 Our people Martial though, yet Courtly are.  
 Nor have we so obscure or Lazie been,  
 But that our actions are in story seen.

To *Annals* we have ample matter lent,  
 The world and books fill'd with astonishment.  
 For (though we on the frozen seas confine)

We have from th' *Arctick* to th' *Antarctick* line,  
 From North to South victorious ensigns born,  
 And Diadems from vanquish'd Princes torn:

The *Cimbres* hence, who made the *Romans* quake,  
 The *Vandal* and stout *Goths* their birth did take,  
 These laws did give and Kings to conquer'd *Spain*,  
 The *Gothick* name there many years did reign  
 Proud *Rome* to their resistless force did yield,  
*Goths* did the Scepters of the *Cæsars* wield:

Nor could them *Eusops* narrow bounds contain,  
 The *Vandals* *Africk* by their prowess gain.

Hence sprung the *Normans*, who did *France* invade,  
 And of your *England*, Sir, a conquest made:

Hence your first *William* sprung and from that stem  
 Those Kings who since wore *Brittains* Diadem:

A circulation then of royal blood  
 Whilst here you wed, your *Majesty* makes good.  
 Nor without dowry offer we a bride;  
 The Riches of the *North* with us divide;  
 Command the traffique of the *Baltick* main,  
 Command what e're our Eastern Climes contain.  
 The *Sound* (to others that) to you is free;  
 When there, you are in your own Narrow Sea:  
 Nor though we cannot boast of silks and spice,  
 Rich wines, or Gold, encouragements of vice,  
 Yet pitch and tarr, cordage and masts we send,  
 Commodities which their own use commend:  
 Iron, brass, copper; through the universe  
 We from our unexhausted mines disperse.  
 Your Nations Pride, your shipping we supplie:  
 Nor without us could you our Master be.

The Southern (clad in silks with curled hair,  
 Swarthy, black-ey'd, of countenance severe:  
 Wily and cunning, in proceedings flow,  
 Of stature well-compact, nor tall, nor low)  
 With a composed mean thus frames his stile:  
 Great *Monarch* of the most renowned Isle,  
*Neptune* encircles with his moist embrace,  
 Blest in a valiant and a loyal race  
 Of subjects: who parts most remote doth awe  
 Giving to all upon the seas the law:  
 Who holds the ballance of our Western states,  
 Where you encline that side preponderates:  
 Loe! I (arrived from those blessed tracts  
 On which the neighb'ring Sun ever reflects

His

His cheerfull beams) do the same tender make;  
 From us, great Sir, your Royal Consort take.  
 Two mighty princes your Alliance Court,  
 I to your presence for this cause resort:  
 The great *Castilian* offers *Parma's* Heir;  
 The *Portuguese* a Dame as good as fair,  
 The one from the *Farnesses* house proceeds,  
 Ennobled by great *Alexanders* deeds;  
 The other from *Bragancas* Family,  
 Derives a long and ancient Pedigree:  
 Both by the Femal from that Royal stem  
 Of those, who wear *Portugals* Diadem:  
 On her (adopted for his own) a dow'r  
*Spains* pow'rfull Monarch wil bestow, a show'r  
 Of Gold (as it of mighty *Iove* was said)  
 Shall her convey into your Royal Bed:  
 The other in herself a portion is,  
 If to intrinsic worth we give its price,  
 A wife, if beauty both of mind and face  
 Do recommend, her for your wife embrace.

Why vaunts the *Northern* of his pitch and tarre  
 The weak effects of his unfruitfull starre,  
 Those stars, which do your glitt'ring crown adorn,  
 Those radiant gemms were with the *Southern* born:  
 The wealth 'oth' *East*, where first the Sun awakes,  
 And *West*, where sitting his moist bed he makes,  
 What both the *Indies* can supplie, is yours,  
 Into your cap the *South* the treasure pou'rs:  
 The sound is yours (he sayes) he that doth give,  
 Of which, great Sir, he cannot you deprive.

If

If you command, he dares not but obey;

Your shine for you will finde, or make your way:  
 those frozen climes their valour boast,  
 impressions of a numerous host,  
 ring Arms and barb'rous men,  
 else fruitfully they have teeming been,  
 our gentler tracts commend,  
 Arts and Policy pretend.  
 As with the Southern born:  
 who did the ruder world adorn.  
 Who we to *Pallas* owe, then *Mars*,  
 for glory too and active Wars:  
 the world th' *Assyrian* laws did give,  
 the *Persian* laws it did receive:  
 was plundr'd by the *Northmen* rage,  
 was the sick and crazie age:  
 the *Monarch* of the Forest sick  
 As the feeble beast did kick.  
 Conquests brags, and thinks to live  
 on his Ancestours did give:  
 greatness, us doth dreadful make,  
 let him the shadow take.  
 Princes then contending leave,  
 own wants and cold, and Sir, receive:  
 a *Consort*, on whose happier soyl  
 his blessings, and doth ever smile.  
 the middle Region of the Air,  
 vapours free, serene and clear,  
 the Art erected stands  
 Mansion, whence all Seas, all Lands  
 B The

(6)

His cheerfull beams) do the same tender make;  
From us, great Sir, your Royal Consort take.  
Two mighty princes your Alliance Court,  
I to your presence for this cause resort:  
The great *Castilian* offers *Parma's* Heir;  
The *Portuguese* a Dame as good as fair,  
The one from the *Farnesses* house proceeds,  
Ennobled by great *Alexanders* deeds;  
The other from *Bragancas* Family,  
Derives a long and ancient Pedigree:  
Both by the Femal from that Royal stem  
Of those, who wear *Portugals* Diadem:  
On her (adopted for his own) a dow'r  
*Spains* pow'rfull *Monarch* wil bestow, a show'r  
Of Gold (as it of mighty *Love* was said)  
Shall her convey into your Royal Bed:  
The other in herself a portion is,  
If to intrinsick worth we give its price,  
A wife, if beauty both of mind and face  
Do recommend, her for your wife embrace.

Why vaunts the *Northern* of his pitch and tarre  
The weck effects of his unfruitfull starre,  
Those stars, which do your glitt'ring crown adorn,  
Those radiant gemms were with the *Southern* born:  
The wealth 'oth' *East*, where first the Sun awakes,  
And *West*, where sitting his moist bed he makes,  
What both the *Indies* can supplie, is yours,  
Into your cap the *South* their treasure pou'rs:  
The sound is yours (he sayes) he that doth give,  
Of which, great Sir, he cannot you deprive.

If

If you command, he dares not but obey:

Your ships for you will finde, or make your way:

Last if those frozen climes their valour hoast,

And rude impressions of a numerous hoast,

If of destroying Arms and barb'rous men,

(Of nought else fruitful) they have teeming been,

The *Sciences* our gentler tracts commend,

We to the *Arts* and *Policy* pretend.

*Phylosophy* was with the Southern born:

Hence Letters did the ruder world adorn.

Nor more do we to *Pallas* owe, then *Mars*,

Arms are our glory too and active Wars:

    to the world th' *Assyrian* laws did give,

Once from the *Persian* laws it did receive:

When *Rome* was plundr'd by the *Northren* rage,

Of *Rome* it was the sick and crazie age:

Thus when the *Monarch* of the Forest sick

lye, the *As*s the feeble beast did kick.

    of past Conquests brags, and thinks to live

at renown his Ancestours did give:

    esent greatness, us doth dreadful make,

ne substance ours, let him the shadow take.

Those petty Princes then contending leave,

With their own wants and cold, and Sir, receive:

From us your *Consort*, on whose happier soyl

The Sun sheds blessings, and doth ever smile.

Above the middle Region of the Air,

A place from vapours free, serene and clear,

By admirable Art erected stands

*Janes* stately Mansion, whence all Seas, all Lands

B

The

The busie Goddess doth survey and pry;  
 Into all secrets; things remote doth spy:  
 No trees or Coveries interpose their shade;  
 The Palace to obscure the walls are made.  
 Of sounding brass: a thousand windows grace  
 The sides, admitting day into the place.

As Bees do in a warm and Sunny day,  
 Before their hives in winged squadrons play;  
 These sally forth; those (laden) do repair,  
 And the sweet spoils oth' garden homeward bear  
 So curious and busie people here  
 In numbers without number do appear. (news,  
 These come, those go; these bring, those carry  
 And with the same (themselves abus'd) abuse.  
 These whisper, and with forgeries deceive,  
 Those Listen, and what e're they hear beleive.

But *Fame* herself upon the summon stands  
 Of a watch-tow'r, which far and near Commands:  
 She winged is, and hath as many ey's,  
 Ears, Tongues, as her wings feathers do Comprize  
 Her piercing sight she ne're with sleep doth close,  
 Or to her senses gives the least repose:  
 Her ey's still scout abroad; her patient ears  
 Receive, and Tongues disperse what e're she hears  
 The easy world she alarms day and night;  
 Now with good news doth please, then doth afright  
 V Vith Sinister reports: the truth with lyes  
 Mingles; now Lessens, and then multiplies:

The same now various Rumours had deffus'd,  
 And with strange tales the cred'lous world amus'd.

Now

Now she you in unequal bonds had ty'd,  
 Nor were we now t'expect a Virgin Bride,  
 Obscure and secret Nuptials she had made,  
 And *Englands* Queen from *Flanders* must be had:  
 But, this blown o're, she to the *Danes* doth flye,  
 And neigbring *Sweedes*: then must your consort be:  
 Nor was this more a truth, then when she said,  
 That you must the *Nassavian* Princess wed:  
 Then *Parma's* Heir: why dost thou us delude,  
 And, babbling *Fame*, thy lies on us obtrude?  
 Rather let us the much-desired truth  
 Of things receive of an unerring Mouth.

By ancient custome, when affairs of State  
 Of greatest weight are ripened for debate,  
 The Nations Representatives the King  
 Doth by his writ into one body bring:  
 Here sit the *Nobles*, here the *Bishops*, here  
 The Learned sages of the Law appear:  
 This house is with the Royal presence grac'd,  
 Here sits the King in I throne Imperial plac'd:  
*Romes* Council, where each Senatour a King  
 Did seem, did not appear so great a thing.  
 The Commons meet apart, the Gentry there  
 Either as Knights or Burgessees repair,  
 The Counties those, the Towns these represent,  
 The whole a full, free, legal *Parliament*:  
 Thus, when great *Jove* in his divine Abodes  
 A Council holds of the Immortal Gods,  
 Their order is distinguish'd first the great  
 Celestial Deity's obtain their seat:

*Cyneas*,  
 Embassa-  
 dour to k.  
*Pyrrhus*, at  
 his return  
 from Rome  
 gave this  
 character  
 of the Ro-  
 mans: *Ar-*  
*bim tem-*  
*plum dei*  
*vifam*, *Se-*  
*natum Re-*  
*gum Con-*  
*sessum Flo.*  
 l. i. c. 18.

The Sea-gods next: then the Plebeian race  
 Of Rivers, *Nymphs*, and *Fauns* possesse their place:  
 But Kingly love full of Majestick dread,  
 With Scepter'd hand appears and Crowned head:  
 And, when from his exalted Throne he speaks,  
 He with his voice the Starray Region shakes:  
 Such order and such Majesty is seen,  
 When your great Senate greater Sir, *Convenc.*

And now in this *Assembly* you declare  
 What with excefs of joy your people hear:  
 You let us know (oh ! how you condescend ? )  
 Where you resolve to wed, on which depend  
 So many future Kings; so many Crowns,  
 So many Conquer'd realms, and yeilded Towns.

There is a City (if we credit *Fame* )  
 Which from *Ulysses* did derive its name:  
 Of *Ulyssippo*: it we *Lisbon* call ,  
 The fair Metropolis of *Portugall* .  
*Tagus* (as the Poets sing) its pretious sands  
 Here casting up, beguils the Neighb'ring Strands:  
 Whence it into th' *Atlantick* Main doth post,  
 Where (mingling) both its selfe and name are lost

A Virgin *Princess* sprung of Royal race ,  
 Daughter and Sister to a King: the grace  
 And honour of her sex; the Ornament  
 O'th'Age; as great in worth as in discent.  
 The beauteous, Vertuous, Peerless *Catharine*  
 From hence must come to be great *Britains* Queen.  
 Both to they self and us auspicious place,  
 To which our *England* its continued race

Of Kings shall owe, whilst *Charles* and *Catharine*  
 Both Nations in themselves together joyn.  
 Thus whilst the world in Competition stood,  
 Courting th' alliance of our Royal bloud,  
 You make your choise; and the dispute decide  
 Whilst you from *Lisbon* fetch your Princely Bride.

Mean while we variously judge and rejoyce,  
 But, all in favour of your worthy choise,  
 The beauty of the Bride one doth admire,  
 Her very picture doth create a fire:  
 How on the shadow do the people gaze!  
 Whom sure the fairer substance will amaze:  
 Another (who the inward beauty deems  
 The truest praise) strangely transported seems  
 With highest raptures, whilst he doth declare  
 Those graces, which in her resplendent are:  
 She knows to act, and acts what she doth know,  
 Reason in her and will together go:  
 Nor is she good, 'cause ignorant of vice,  
 But, such 'cause she of vertue knows the price.  
 A third (whose pol'tick reasons chiefly take)  
 Tells what advantages we hence shall make:  
 How that imported treasure, a vast dow'r  
 Shall this drein'd Nations mispent wealth restore.  
 How that we Livery and fessin shall  
 Of *Africa* receive, whilst we do call  
 Strong *Tanger* ours; of *Asia*, whilst we have  
 Right to those Seas which Eastern *India* leave.  
 How of *America* we Lord shall be  
 Wealthy *Brazile*, whilst thou to us art free:

Greatest

Greatest of those, who e're did *England* sway,  
 Whom all the quatters of the world obey;  
 VVhose Empire doth from North to South extend  
 Rise with the sun, and with the sun doth end:  
 And (doubtleffe) wee (if Poets Prophets be)  
 To these by Conquest shall accessions see:  
 To Marriage, or Descent alone to owe  
 VVhat you possesse, is, Mighty Prince below  
 Your vast heroick soul: your Conq'ring sword  
 To new Acquests must you entitle Lord:

Mee thinks I see our *English* Colours Flye,  
 And before them the fearfull enemy:  
 Our stately *English* March (methinks) I hear  
 Beat dreadfull measures to th' affrighted ear,  
 Whilst Cities do their keys and Charters bring,  
 And at your very name proclaim you King:  
 And distant Lands before you near do draw,  
 Send to receive from you the *Victours* Law.

I Ce'sar  
 used to  
 speak this  
 boastingly  
 of himself  
 concern-  
 ing the  
 ease and  
 speedy o-  
 verthrow  
 of Pharna-  
 ces seica  
 cum Phar-  
 nase pug-  
 noisse, ut  
 ead hora  
 venerit,  
 v derit  
 v cerit.

You more then *Ce'ser* do, before you come  
 And see your enemy's you overcome.  
 Such of your Arms and Justice is the Fame,  
 This wins the sober; those the stubborn tame:  
 Thus my prophetick Muse foretells, what you  
 Have in designe, you certainly shall do:

And now the Sacred *Nuptial* knot is ty'de,  
 We have our Queen, and you enjoy your *Bride*:  
 Our mutual love and joynt felicity  
 Pardon, grear Sir, if we your Rivals be:  
 It is a sin anothers wife to love,  
 But, wee'd love yours, and yet no sinners prove:

A single and a secret *Votarie*

Some others of her sex may have, but she  
Three Nations hath her Lovers, which proclaim,  
Not flyly own, a vniversal Flame:  
Our passion is perfect: 'tis chaste, yet kind,  
Such Children parents pay, such friend pays friend  
And you the comon parents are; to you  
A filial duty and a love we owe:

And (if to wish do not defect suppose  
Or doubt) the whole wee'l with good wishes close  
Then let her be as loyal and as true,  
Of an affection as sincere to you,

As hers was, who suck'd the envenom'd wound  
(A hurt for which no remedie was found)

Of our first *Edward* unexampled wife!

*Spain* gave their birth, but, this act gives thee life;

A life of *Fame*, which shall so long survive,

As good men honour do to vertue give.

And if she fruitful prove (for which we pay

Unfeigned vows to heaven, an ever pray)

Let such a race of Princess from her spring,

As *Philip* bore to *Englands* Glorious King,

Our great third *Edward* all black Princes; sons

Of Mars, disporting with swords trumpets guns

All Thunderbolts of Warre; which nought may

But following Subjects, and a flying Foe: (know

Or such as *Marie* to fourth *Henry* brought,

*Harry's* of *Monmouth* all, such deeds who wrought

In couquer'd *France*, and made the *English* name

The wonder and the terroure of the same.

*Eleanor*,  
wife to  
king *Edw.*  
the first  
daughter  
to *Ferdin-*  
*nand*, the  
third king  
of *Castile*.

Last

Last (to perfection that we may ascend,  
 From good to better, till in best we end)  
 Such let them be, as *France*, thy daughter bore  
 To our first *Charles*, a name the good adore :  
 That *Charles* whose *Passive* Daring atcheiv'd more  
 Then did the *Active* of all Kings before:  
 Such as your self; what can we more desire ?  
 Such let the Children bee, as is the Sire.

Nor, whilst the *Sun* repeats his Annual rounds,  
 And the earths globe blew *Amphitrite* boards,  
 Whilst pale-fac'd *Cynthia* rules the silent night,  
 And stars impart their influence and light,  
 Whilst *Monarchie* (with time which took its birth)  
 And Kings shall Gods Vice-gerents be on earth,  
 Let the Succession of the *Stuarts* say,  
 But, ever Crowns their sacred brow's empale:  
 Let the dominion both of Sea and Land  
 Ever be subject to their just comand:  
 That name let subjects love, and strangers fear;  
 And to their greatness both the way prepare.

---

F I N I S.

---